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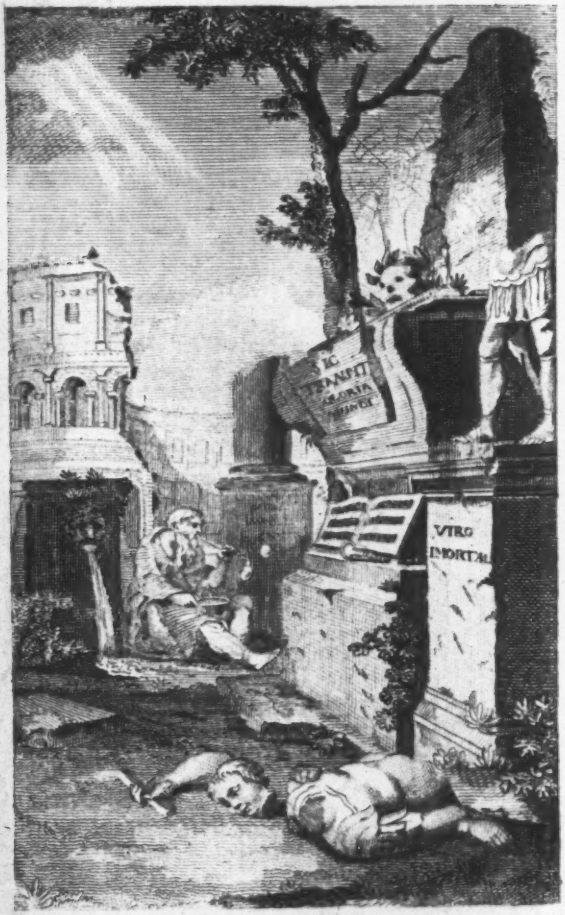

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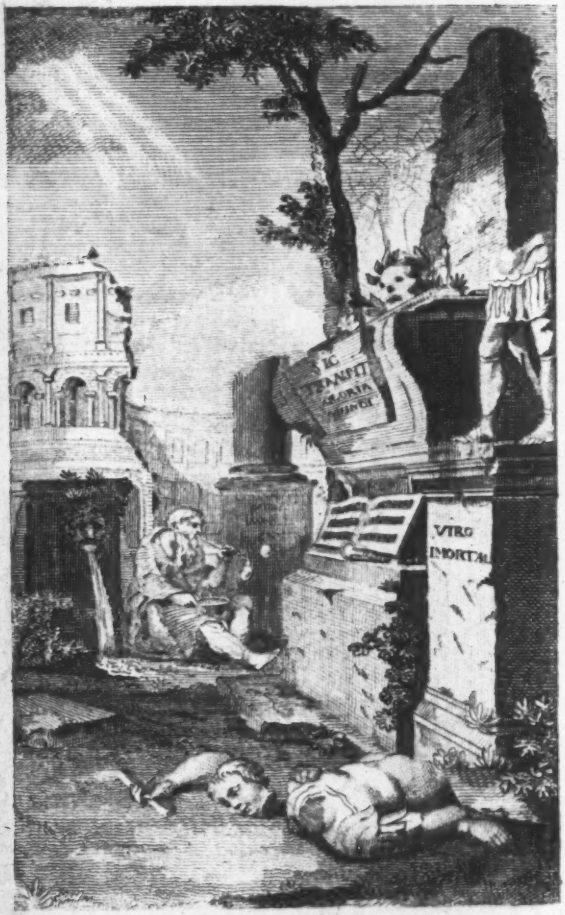

Ephraim Abbott
1831

AN

ESSAY

ON

MAN.

BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED BY THE AUTHOR.

With the Notes of

WILLIAM, LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.

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ADVERTISEMENT,

By the Editor.

THE ESSAY ON MAN, to uſe the Author's own Words, is *a perfect Syſtem of Ethics*; in which Definition he included *Religion*: For he was far from that Opinion of the noble Writer of the *Characteriſtics*, that Morality could long ſupport itſelf, or have even a real exiſtence, without a reference to the Deity. Hence it is that the *Firſt* Epiſtle regards Man with reſpect to the *Lord* and Governor of the univerſe; as the *Second* with reſpect to *Himſelf*; the *Third* to *Society*; and the *Fourth* to *Happineſs*. Having therefore formed and finiſhed his *Eſſay* in this View, he was much mortified whenever he found it conſidered in any other; or as a part and introduction only to a larger work. As appears from the concluſion of his ſecond Dialogue, intitled M DCC XXXVIII, where he makes his impertinent adviſer ſay,

Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write, next Winter, more *Eſſays on Man;*

which a MS. note of his thus explains: "The "Author undoubtedly meant this as a Sarcaſm "on the ignorance of thoſe friends of his, who "were daily peſtering him for *more Eſſays on*

" *Man*, as not ſeeing that the four Epiſtles he " had publiſhed entirely completed that ſubject." But it muſt be owned, that the Public, by the great and continued demand for his *Eſſay*, ſufficiently freed itſelf from this imputation of wrong Judgment. And how great and continued that demand has been, appears from the vaſt variety of pirated and imperfect Editions continually obtruded on the world, ever ſince the firſt publication of the Poem; and which no repeated proſecutions of the Offenders have been able totally to reſtrain.

Theſe were the conſiderations which have now induced the Proprietors to give one perfect Edition of the *Eſſay on Man*, from Mr. *Pope*'s laſt corrections and improvements; that the Public may from henceforth be ſupplied with this Poem alone, in a manner ſuitable to its dignity, and to the honeſt intention of its great Author.

Concerning the UNIVERSAL PRAYER, which concludes the *Eſſay*, it may be proper to obſerve, that, ſome paſſages in the *Eſſay* having been unjuſtly ſuſpected of a tendency towards Fate and *Naturaliſm*, the Author compoſed that Prayer as the ſum of all, to ſhew that his Syſtem was founded in Free-will, and terminated in Piety: That the firſt Cauſe was as well the Lord and Governor as the Creator of the Univerſe; and that by Submiſſion to his Will (the great principle inforced throughout the *Eſſay*) was not meant the ſuffering ourſelves to be carried along with a blind determination; but a religious acquieſcence, and confidence full of hope and immortality. To give all this the greater weight and reality the

Poet choſe for his model the LORD'S PRAYER, which of all others beſt deſerves the title prefixed to his Paraphraſe.

The Reader will excuſe my adding a word concerning the Frontiſpiece; which, as it was deſigned and drawn by Mr. *Pope* himſelf, would be a kind of Curioſity, had not the excellence of the thought otherwiſe recommended it. We ſee it repreſents the Vanity of human Glory, in the falſe purſuits after Happineſs: where the Ridicule in the Curtain cobweb, the Death's head crowned with laurel, and the ſeveral Inſcriptions, have all the force and beauty of one of his beſt written Satires: Nor is there leſs expreſſion in the bearded Philoſopher ſitting by a fountain running to waſte, and blowing up bubbles with a ſtraw from a ſmall portion of water taken out of it, in a dirty diſh; admirably repreſenting the vain buſineſs of School Philoſophy, that, with a little artificial logic, ſits inventing airy arguments in ſupport of falſe ſcience, while the human Underſtanding at large is ſuffered to lie waſte and uncultivated.

THE

DESIGN.

HAVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on Human Life and Manners, ſuch as (to uſe my Lord Bacon's expreſſion) *come home to Men's Buſineſs and Boſoms*, I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering *Man* in the abſtract, his *Nature* and his *State*: ſince, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpoſe* of its *being*.

The ſcience of Human Nature is, like all other ſciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: There are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body: more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts; than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels, the conformations and uſes of which will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The *diſputes* are all upon theſe laſt; and I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the practice more than advanced the theory of Morality. If I could flatter myſelf that this Eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite; in paſſing over terms utterly unintelligible; and in forming a *temperate*, yet not *inconſiſtent*; and a *ſhort*, yet not *imperfect* ſyſtem of Ethics.

This I might have done in proſe; but I choſe verſe, and even rhyme, for two reaſons: The one

will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retained by him afterwards. The other may ſeem odd, but it is true; I found I could expreſs them more *ſhortly* this way than in proſe itſelf, and nothing is truer than that much of the *force*, as well as *grace*, of arguments or inſtructions depends on their *conciſeneſs*. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without ſacrificing perſpicuity to ornament, without wandering from the preciſion, or breaking the chain of reaſoning. If any man can unite all theſe, without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a *general map of* MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Conſequently theſe Epiſtles in their progreſs (if I make any progreſs) will be leſs dry and more ſuſceptible of poetical ornament I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the paſſage: to deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their courſe, and to obſerve their effects, would be a taſk more agreeable.

THE

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AN ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things*
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
Let us (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)

* The opening of this poem, in fifteen lines, is taken up in giving an account of the subject; which, agreeable to the title, is an ESSAY on MAN, or a Philosophical Enquiry into his Nature and End, his Passions and Pursuits.

The Exordium relates to the whole work, of which the Essay on Man was only the first book. The 6th, 7th, and 8th lines allude to the subject of this Essay, viz. the general Order and Design of Providence; the Constitution of the human Mind; the origin, use, and end of the Passions and Affections, both selfish and social: and the wrong pursuits of Power, Pleasure and Happiness. The 10th, 11th, 12th, &c. have relation to the subjects of the books intended to follow, viz. the Characters and Capacities of Men, and the Limits of Science, which once transgressed, ignorance begins, and error follows. The 13th and

Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous
ſhoot;
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden Fruit *.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;

14th, to the Knowledge of Mankind, and the various Manners of the Age. Next in line 16, he tells us with what deſign he wrote, viz.

"To vindicate the ways of God to Man."

The Men he writes againſt, he frequently informs us, are ſuch as *weigh their opinion againſt Providence* (ver. 114.) or ſuch as *cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt* (ver. 118.) or ſuch as fall into the notion, *that Vice and Virtue there is none at all* (Ep. ii. ver. 212.) This occaſions the poet to divide his vindication of the ways of God into two parts. In the firſt of which he gives direct anſwers to thoſe objections which libertine Men, on a view of the diſorders ariſing from the perverſity of the human will, have intended againſt Providence. And in the ſecond, he obviates all thoſe objections by a true delineation of human Nature; or a general, but exact, Map of Man. The firſt epiſtle is employed in the management of the firſt part of this diſpute; and the three following in the diſcuſſion of the ſecond. So that this whole book conſtitutes a compleat Eſſay on Man, written for the beſt purpoſe, *to vindicate the ways of God.*

* The Wild relates to the human Paſſions, productive (as he explains in the ſecond epiſtle) both of good and evil. The Garden, to human Reaſon, ſo often tempting us to tranſgreſs the bounds God has ſet to it, and wander in fruitleſs enquiries.

The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar *;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ‡;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here ‖,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known†,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

* That is, Those who only follow the blind guidance of their passions; or those who leave behind them common sense and sober reason, in their high flights through the regions of Metaphysics. Both which follies are exposed in the fourth epistle, where the popular and philosophical errors concerning Happiness are detected. The figure is taken from animal life.

‡ Intimating that human follies are so strangely absurd, that it is not in the power of the most compassionate, on some occasions, to restrain their mirth: And that human crimes are so flagitious, that the most candid have seldom an opportunity, on this subject, to exercise their virtue.

‖ The sense is, "We see nothing of Man, but as "he stands at present in his station here: From "which station, all our reasonings on his nature and "end must be drawn; and to this station they must "all be referred." The consequence is, all our reasonings on his nature and end must needs be very imperfect.

† Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas et attributa, et per sapientissimas & optimas re-

He, who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd Being peoples every ſtar,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings, and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies*,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?

rum ſtructuras & cauſas finales. *Newtoni Princ. Schol. gen. ſub fin.*

* The thought is very noble, and expreſſed with great philoſophic beauty and exactneſs. The ſyſtem of the Univerſe is a combination of natural and moral Fitneſſes, as the human ſyſtem is of body and ſpirit. By the *ſtrong connections*, therefore, the poet alludes to the natural part; and by the *nice dependencies* to the moral. For the Eſſay on Man is not a ſyſtem of Naturaliſm, but of Natural Religion. Hence it is, that, where he ſuppoſes diſorders may tend to ſome greater good in the natural world, he ſuppoſes they may tend likewiſe to ſome greater good in the moral, as appears from the ſublime images in the following lines:

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's deſign,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows, but He, whoſe hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the ſtorms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?

II. Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less.
Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why JOVE's Satellites are less than JOVE †?
Of Systems possible, if 'tis confest
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be somewhere such a rank as Man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So, Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

† In the above eight lines the poet has joined the beauty of argumentation to the sublimity of thought: where the similar instances, proposed for his adversaries examination, shew as well the absurdity of their complaints against Order, as the fruitlessness of their enquiries into the arcana of the Godhead.

When the proud Steed ſhall know why Man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God *;
Then ſhall Man's pride and dullneſs comprehend
His action's, paſſion's, being's uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.

Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here or there?
The bleſt to-day is as compleatly ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, the preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer Being here below? [know:
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall †,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.

* Called ſo, becauſe the God Apis was worſhipped univerſally over the whole land.

† Matth. x. 29.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions
soar †;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.

† The Hope of a happy futurity was implanted in the human breaſt by God himſelf for this very purpoſe, as an earneſt of that Bliſs, which always flying from us here, is reſerved for the good Man hereafter. The reaſon why the poet chuſes to inſiſt on this proof of a future ſtate, in preference to others, is in order to give his ſyſtem (which is founded in a ſublime and improved Platoniſm) the greater grace of uniformity. For HOPE was Plato's peculiar argument for a future ſtate; and the words here employed—*the ſoul uneaſy*, &c. his peculiar expreſſion. The poet in this place, therefore, ſays in expreſs terms, that "God gave "us hope to ſupply that future bliſs, which he at "preſent keeps hid from us." In his ſecond epiſtle, ver. 274, he goes ſtill further, and ſays, this HOPE quits us not even at Death, when every thing mortal drops from us:

Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

And, in the fourth epiſtle, he ſhews how the ſame HOPE is a proof of a future ſtate, from the conſideration of God's giving man no appetite in vain, or what he did not intend ſhould be ſatisfied;

He ſees why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown;
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find.)

It is only for the good man, he tells us, that Hope leads from goal to goal, &c. It would be ſtrange indeed, then, if it ſhould prove a deluſion.

What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know*,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleſſing now.

* It hath been objected, that the Syſtem of the Beſt weakens the other natural arguments for a future ſtate; becauſe, if the evils which good men ſuffer promote the benefit of the whole, then every thing is here in order; and nothing amiſs that wants to be ſet right. Nor has the good man any reaſon to expect amends, when the evils he ſuffered had ſuch a tendency. To this it may be replied, 1. That the poet tells us (Ep. iv. ver. 361.) That God loves from whole to parts. 2. That the Syſtem of the Beſt is ſo far from weakening thoſe natural arguments, that it ſtrengthens and ſupports them. For if thoſe evils to which good men are ſubject be mere Diſorders, without tendency to the greater good of the whole; then, though we muſt indeed conclude that they will hereafter be ſet right, yet this view of things, repreſenting God as ſuffering diſorders for no other end than to ſet them right, gives us a very low idea of the divine wiſdom. But if thoſe evils (according to the Syſtem of the Beſt) contribute to the greater perfection of the whole; ſuch a reaſon may be then given for their permiſſion, as ſupports our idea of divine wiſdom to the higheſt religious purpoſes. Then, as to the good man's hopes of a retribution, thoſe ſtill remain in their original force: For our idea of God's juſtice, and how far that juſtice is engaged to a retribution, is exactly and invariably the ſame on either hypotheſis. For though the Syſtem of the Beſt ſuppoſes that the evils themſelves will be fully compenſated by the good they produce to the whole, yet this is ſo far from ſuppoſing that particulars ſhall ſuffer for a general good, that it is eſſential to this ſyſtem to conclude, that, at the com-

Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt;
Man never Is, but always To be bleſt:
The ſoul uneaſy and confin'd from home*,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind †
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;

pletion of things, when the whole is carried to the ſtate of utmoſt perfection, particular and univerſal good ſhall coincide.

Such is the world's great harmony that ſprings
From Order, Union, full Conſent of things:
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made,
To ſerve, not ſuffer; ſtrengthen, not invade, &c.
Ep. iii. ver. 295.

Which coincidence can never be, without a retribution to good men for the evils they ſuffered here below.

* The conſtruction is, "The ſoul being from "home, (confined and uneaſy) expatiates," &c. by which words it was the poet's purpoſe to teach, that the preſent life is only a ſtate of probation for another, more ſuitable to the eſſence of the ſoul, and to the free exerciſe of its qualities.

† The poet, as we ſaid, having bid Man comfort himſelf with expectation of future happineſs, having ſhewn him that this HOPE is an earneſt of it, and put in one very neceſſary caution,

Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions ſoar;

provok'd at thoſe miſcreants whom he afterwards (Ep. iii. verſe 263) deſcribes as building Hell on ſpite, and Heaven on pride, he upbraids them (from ver. 99 to 112) with the example of the poor Indian to whom alſo Nature hath given this common Hope of Mankind: But, though his untutored mind had

His Soul, proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk or milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has giv'n
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiſer thou! and, in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy Opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, Here he gives too little, there too much;
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If Man alone ingroſs not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies *;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.

betrayed him into many childiſh fancies concerning the nature of that future ſtate, yet he is ſo far from excluding any part of his own ſpecies (a vice which could proceed only from the pride of ſcience), that he humanely admits even his *faithful dog to bear him company*.

* Arnobius has paſſed the ſame cenſure on theſe very follies, which he ſuppoſes to ariſe from the cauſe here aſſigned.—"Nihil eſt quod nos fallat, nihil "quod nobis polliceatur ſpes caſſas (id quod nobis à "quibuſdam dicitur viris immoderata ſui opinione

Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.

V. Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine*,
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine.
"For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
"Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
"Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew
"The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
"For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
"For me, health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
"Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
"My footſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies."

"ſublatis) animas immortales eſſe, Deo rerum ac "principi, gradu proximas dignitatis, genitor illo "ac patre prolatas, divinas, ſapientes, doctas, neque "ulla corporis attractione contiguas." *Adverſus gentes.*

* The ridicule of imagining the greater portions of the material ſyſtem to be ſolely for the uſe of man, philoſophy has ſufficiently expoſed: and common ſenſe, as the poet obſerves, inſtructs us, to know that our fellow-creatures, placed by Providence the joint-inhabitants of this globe, are deſigned by Providence to be joint ſharers with us of its bleſſings.

If there be any fault in theſe lines it is, not in the general ſentiment, but a want of exactneſs in expreſſing it.—It is the higheſt abſurdity to think that Earth is man's footſtool, his canopy the ſkies, and the heavenly bodies lighted up principally for his uſe; yet not ſo to ſuppoſe fruits and minerals given for this end.

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns, when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
" No ('tis reply'd), the firſt Almighty Cauſe
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
" Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began,
" And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
If the great end be human happineſs,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do leſs *!
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſunſhine, as of Man's deſires:
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's de-
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline? [ſign †,

* " While comets move in very eccentric orbs, " in all manner of poſitions, blind Fate could never " make all the planets move one and the ſame way " in orbs concentric; ſome inconſiderable irregulari- " ties excepted, which may have ariſen from the " mutual actions of comets and planets upon one " another, and which will be apt to increaſe, till " this ſyſtem wants a reformation." *Sir Iſaac Newton's Optics, Quæſt. ult.*

† What hath miſled ſome perſons in this paſſage, is their ſuppoſing the compariſon to be between the effects of two things in this ſublunary world; when not only the elegancy, but the juſtneſs of it, conſiſts in its being between the effects of a thing in the univerſe at large, and the familiar and known effects of one in this ſublunary world. For the poſition enforced in theſe lines is this, that partial evil tends to the good of the whole.

Who knows but he, whoſe hand the lightning forms ‡,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral, as for natural things:
Why charge we Heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right is to ſubmit.

Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all. Ver. 51.

How does the Poet enforce it? If you will believe theſe perſons, in illuſtrating the effects of partial moral evil in a particular ſyſtem, by that of partial natural evil in the ſame ſyſtem, and ſo he leaves his poſition in the lurch. But the poet reaſons at another rate: The way to prove his point, he knew, was to illuſtrate the effect of partial moral evil in the univerſe, by partial natural evil in a particular ſyſtem. Whether partial moral evil tend to the good of the univerſe, being a queſtion which, by reaſon of our ignorance of many parts of that univerſe, we cannot decide, but from known effects; the rules of argument require that it be proved by analogy, i. e. ſetting it by, and comparing it with a thing certain; and it is a thing certain that partial natural evil tends to the good of our particular ſyſtem.

‡ The ſublimity with which the great Author of Nature is here characteriſed, is but the ſecond beauty of this fine paſſage. The greateſt is the making the very diſpenſation objected to, the periphraſis of his Title.

Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear *,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.

* It might, ſays he, perhaps, appear better to us, that there were nothing in this world but peace and virtue;

That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind;

But then conſider, that as our natural ſyſtem is ſupported by the ſtrife of its elementary particles; ſo is our intellectual ſyſtem by the conflict of our paſſions, which are the elements of human action.

In a word, as without the benefit of tempeſtuous winds, both air and ocean would ſtagnate, corrupt, and ſpread univerſal contagion throughout all the ranks of animals that inhabit, or are ſupported by them; ſo, without the benefit of the Paſſions, ſuch virtue as was merely the effect of the abſence of thoſe Paſſions, would be a liſeleſs calm, a ſtoical Apathy.

Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt:
But health of mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt.
Ep. ii. ver. 103.

Therefore, inſtead of regarding the conflict of the elements, and the paſſions of the mind as diſorders, you ought to conſider them as part of the general order of Providence: and that they are ſo, appears from their always preſerving the ſame unvaried courſe, throughout all ages, from the creation to the preſent time.

The gen'ral order, ſince the Whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

But ALL ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife *;
And paſſions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the Whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel †, would be more:
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all:
Nature to theſe, without profuſion kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;

We ſee, therefore, it would be doing great injuſtice to our author to ſuſpect that he intended by this, to give any encouragement to vice. His ſyſtem, as all his Ethic Epiſtles ſhew, is this: That the Paſſions, for the reaſons given above, are neceſſary to the ſupport of Virtue: That, indeed, the Paſſions in exceſs produce Vice, which is, in its own nature, the greateſt of all Evils, and comes into the world from the abuſe of Man's free-will; but that God, in his infinite wiſdom and goodneſs, deviouſly turns the natural bias of its malignity to the advancement of human happineſs, and makes it productive of general Good:

TH' ETERNAL ART EDUCES GOOD FROM ILL.
Ep. ii. ver. 175.

* See this ſubject extended in Ep. ii. from ver. 90 to 112, 155, &c.

† "Thou haſt made him a little lower than the "Angels, and haſt crowned him with glory and ho-"nour." Pſalm viii. 9.

Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force* :
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all?
The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres †,

* It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are formed for ſtrength, their ſwiftneſs is leſſened; or, as they are formed for ſwiftneſs, their ſtrength is abated. P.

† This inſtance is poetical, and even ſublime, but miſplaced. He is arguing philoſophically in a caſe that required him to employ the real objects of ſenſe only; and, what is worſe, he ſpeaks of this as a real object—*If* NATURE *thunder'd*, &c. The caſe is different where (in ver. 253.) he ſpeaks of the motion of the heavenly bodies under the ſublime Imagery of ruling Angels: for whether there be ruling Angels or no, there is real motion, which was all his argument wanted; but if there be

How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs* between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood?
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and Reaſon what a nice barrier?
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near †!

no muſic of the ſpheres, there was no real ſound, which his argument was obliged to find.

* The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deſerts of Africa is this: At their firſt going out in the night-time they ſet up a loud roar, and then liſten to the noiſe made by the beaſts in their flight, purſuing them by the ear, and not by the noſtril. It is probable the ſtory of the Jackal's hunting for the lion, was occaſioned by obſervation of this defect of ſcent in that terrible animal. P.

† Near, by the ſimilitude of the operation; ſeparate, by the immenſe difference in the nature of the powers.

Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions Senſe from Thought divide*?
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?

* So thin, that the Atheiſtic philoſophers, as Protagoras, held that thought was only ſenſe; and from thence concluded, that every imagination or opinion of every man was true: Πᾶσα Φαντασία ἐςὶν ἀληθης. But the poet determines more philoſophically, that they are really and eſſentially different, how thin ſoever the partition is by which they are divided. Thus (to illuſtrate the truth of this obſervation) when a geometer conſiders a triangle, in order to demonſtrate the equality of its three angles to two right ones, he has the picture or image of ſome ſenſible triangle in his mind, which is ſenſe; yet notwithſtanding, he muſt needs have the notion or idea of an intellectual triangle in his mind, which is thought; for this plain reaſon, becauſe every image or picture of a triangle muſt needs be obtuſangular, or rectangular, or acuteangular: but that which, in his mind, is the ſubject of this propoſition, is the ratio of a triangle, undetermined to any of theſe ſpecies. On this account it was that Ariſtotle ſaid, Νοήματα τινι διοίσει, τῦ μὴ φαντάσματα εἶναι ἡ ὐδὲ ταῦτα φαντάσματα ἄλλ' ὐκ ἄνευ φαντασμάτων. "The conceptions of the Mind differ ſomewhat from "ſenſible images; they are not ſenſible images, and "yet not quite free or diſengaged from ſenſible "images."

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of Being * ! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void†,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll ‡
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.

* Who will not acknowledge, therefore, that ſo harmonious a connection in the diſpoſition of things as is here deſcribed, is tranſcendently beautiful? But the Fataliſts ſuppoſe ſuch an one—What then? Is the Firſt Free Agent, is the great Cauſe of all things, debarred from a contrivance ſo exquiſite, becauſe ſome Men, to ſet up their idol, Fate, abſurdly repreſent it as preſiding over ſuch a ſyſtem?

† This is only an illuſtration, alluding to the Peripatetic plenum and vacuum; the full and void here meant, relating not to Matter, but to Life.

‡ The verb alludes to the motion of the planetary bodies of each ſyſtem; and to the figures deſcribed by that motion.

Let Earth unbalanc'd * from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſuns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd†,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread‡,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling mind;
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:

* i. e. Being no longer kept within its orbit by the different directions of its progreſſive and attractive motions; which, like equal weights in a balance, keep it in an equilibre.

† The poet, throughout this poem, with great art, uſes an advantage, which his employing a Platonic principle for the foundation of his Eſſay had afforded him; and that is, the expreſſing himſelf (as here) in Platonic notions; which, luckily for his purpoſe, are highly poetical, at the ſame time that they add a grace to the uniformity of his reaſoning.

‡ This fine illuſtration in defence of the Syſtem of Nature, is taken from St. Paul, who employed it to defend the Syſtem of Grace.

Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains *
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains †.
All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul ‡;

* See the proſecution and application of this in Ep. iv. P.

† "Veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium, "Deus enim ſine dominio, providentia, et cauſis "finalibus, nihil aliud eſt quam Fatum & Natura." Newtoni Princip. Schol. gener. ſub finem.

‡ A certain examiner remarks, on this line, that "A Spinoziſt would expreſs himſelf in this manner." I believe he would, and ſo we know would St. Paul too, when writing on the ſame ſubject, namely, the omnipreſence of God in his Providence, and in his Subſtance. "In him we live, and move, and have our being:" i. e. we are parts of him, his offſpring, as the Greek poet, a pantheiſt quoted by the Apoſtle, obſerves: And the reaſon is, becauſe a religious theiſt, and an impious pantheiſt, both profeſs to believe the omnipreſence of God. But would Spinoza, as Mr. Pope does, call God the great directing mind of all, who hath intentionally created a perfect Univerſe? Or would a Spinoziſt have told us,

The workman from the work diſtinct was known:

a line that overturns all Spinoziſm from its very foundations.

But this ſublime deſcription of the Godhead contains not only the divinity of St. Paul; but, if that will not ſatisfy the men he writes againſt, the philoſophy likewiſe of Sir Iſaac Newton.

That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,

The Poet ſays,

All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent.

The philoſopher:—"In ipſo continentur et moventur univerſa, ſed abſque mutua paſſione. Deus nihil patitur ex corporum motibus; illa nullam ſentiunt reſiſtentiam ex omnipræſentia Dei.—Corpore omni et figura corporea deſtituitur.—Omnia regit et omnia cognoſcit.—Cum unaquæque Spatii particula ſit ſemper, et unumquodque Durationis indiviſibile momentum, ubique certe rerum omnium Fabricator ac Dominus non erit nunquam, nuſquam."

Mr. Pope:

Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Sir Iſaac. Newton:—"Annon ex phænomenis conſtat eſſe entem incorporeum, viventem, intelligentem, omnipræſentem, qui in ſpatio infinito,

Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;

" tanquam ſenſorio ſuo, res ipſas intime cernat,
" penituſque perſpiciat, totaſque intra ſe præſens
" præſentes complectatur."

But now admitting there was an ambiguity in theſe expreſſions, ſo great that a Spinoziſt might employ them to expreſs his own particular principles; and ſuch a thing might well be, becauſe the Spinoziſts, in order to hide the impiety of their principle, are wont to expreſs the Omnipreſence of God in terms that any religious Theiſt might employ: In this caſe, I ſay, how are we to judge of the poet's meaning? Surely by the whole tenor of his argument. Now take the words in the ſenſe of the Spinoziſts, and he is made, in the concluſion of his Epiſtle, to overthrow all he has been advancing throughout the body of it: For Spinoziſm is the deſtruction of an Univerſe, where every thing tends, by a foreſeen contrivance in all its parts, to the perfection of the whole. But allow him to employ the paſſage in the ſenſe of St. Paul, " That we and all creatures live, " and move, and have our being in God;" and then it will be ſeen to be the moſt logical ſupport of all that had preceded. For the poet having, as we ſay, laboured through his Epiſtle to prove, that every thing in the Univerſe tends, by a foreſeen contrivance, and a preſent direction of all its parts, to the perfection of the whole; it might be objected, that ſuch a diſpoſition of things implying in God, a painful, operoſe, and inconceivable extent of Providence, it could not be ſuppoſed that ſuch care extended to all, but was confined to the more noble

As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns *:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Ceaſe then, nor ORDER Imperfection name †:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.

parts of the creation. This groſs conception of the Firſt Cauſe the poet expoſes, by ſhewing that God is equally and intimately preſent to every particle of Matter, to every ſort of Subſtance, and in every inſtant of Being.

* Alluding to the name Seraphim, ſignifying burners.

† That the reader may ſee in one view the exactneſs of the Method, as well as Force of the Argument, I ſhall here draw up a ſhort ſynopſis of this Epiſtle. The poet begins by telling us his ſubject is an Eſſay on Man: That his end of writing is to vindicate Providence: That he intends to derive his arguments from the viſible things of God ſeen in this ſyſtem: Lays down this propoſition, "That of all poſſible "ſyſtems infinite Wiſdom has formed the beſt:" Draws from thence two conſequences, "1. That "there muſt needs be ſomewhere ſuch a creature as "Man; 2. That the moral evil which he is author "of, is productive of the good of the whole." This is his general Theſis; from whence he forms this concluſion, "That Man ſhould reſt ſubmiſſive and "content, and make the hopes of futurity his com-"fort; but not ſuffer this to be the occaſion of "PRIDE," which is the cauſe of all his impious Complaints.

He proceeds to confirm his Theſis—Previouſly endeavours to abate our wonder at the phænomenon

Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canſt not ſee;

of moral evil; ſhews, firſt, "its Uſe to the perfec-"tion of the Univerſe," by Analogy, from the uſe of phyſical Evil in this particular ſyſtem—ſecondly, "its "uſe in this ſyſtem," where it is turned, providentially, from its natural bias to promote Virtue. Then goes on to vindicate Providence from the imputation of certain ſuppoſed natural Evils; as he had before juſtified it for the permiſſion of real moral Evil, in ſhewing that, though the Atheiſt's complaint againſt Providence be on pretence of real moral Evil, yet the true cauſe is his impatience under imaginary natural Evil; the iſſue of a depraved appetite for fantaſtical advantages, which, if obtained, would be uſeleſs or hurtful to Man, and deforming and deſtructive to the Univerſe, as breaking into that Order by which it is ſupported.—He deſcribes that Order, Harmony, and cloſe connexion of the Parts; and by ſhewing the intimate preſence of God to his whole creation, gives a reaſon for an Univerſe ſo amazingly beautiful and perfect. From all this he deduces this general concluſion, "That Nature being "neither a blind chain of Cauſes and Effects, nor yet "the fortuitous reſult of wandering atoms, but the "wonderful Art and Direction of an all-wiſe, all-good, "and free Being; WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT, with re-"gard to the Diſpoſition of God, and its Ultimate Ten-

All Diſcord, Harmony, not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good:
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT *.

"dency;" which once granted, all complaints againſt Providence are at an end.

* What are we to underſtand by theſe words? Did the poet mean right with regard to Man, or right with regard to God; right with regard to itſelf, or right with regard to its ultimate tendency? Surely WITH REGARD TO GOD; for he tells us his deſign is to vindicate the ways of God to Man. Surely, with regard to its ULTIMATE TENDENCY; for he tells us again, "all partial ill is univerſal good," ver. 291."

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of Mankind is Man *.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate †,
A Being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or beaſt;

* The poet having ſhewn in the firſt Epiſtle, that the ways of God are too high for our comprehenſion, rightly draws this concluſion, and methodically makes it the ſubject of his Introduction to the ſecond, which treats of the Nature of Man.

† As the poet hath given us this deſcription of Man for the very contrary purpoſe to which Sceptics are wont to employ ſuch kind of paintings, namely, not to deter men from the ſearch, but to excite them to the diſcovery of truth; he hath, with great judgment, repreſented Man as doubting and wavering between the right and wrong objects; from which ſtate there are great hopes he may be relieved by a careful and circumſpect uſe of Reaſon. On the contrary, had he ſuppoſed Man ſo blind, as to be buſied in chuſing, or doubtful in his choice, between two objects equally wrong, the caſe had appeared deſperate, and all ſtudy of Man had been effectually diſcouraged.

In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer ;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err * ;
Alike in ignorance his reaſon ſuch †,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much ‡ :

* The author's meaning is, that, as we are born to die, and yet to enjoy ſome ſmall portion of life; ſo, though we reaſon to err, yet we comprehend ſome few truths. This is the weak ſtate of Reaſon, with which Error mixes itſelf with all its true concluſions concerning Man's Nature.

† i. e. The proper ſphere of his Reaſon is ſo narrow, and the exerciſe of it ſo nice, that the too immoderate uſe of it is attended with the ſame ignorance that proceeds from the not uſing it at all. Yet, though in both theſe caſes he is abuſed by himſelf, he has it ſtill in his power to diſabuſe himſelf, in making his Paſſions ſubſervient to the means, and regulating his Reaſon by the end of Life.

‡ This is ſo true, that ignorance ariſes as well from puſhing our enquiries too far, as from not carrying them far enough, that we may obſerve, when Speculations, even in Science, are carried beyond a certain point; that point, where uſe is reaſonably ſuppoſed to end, and mere curioſity to begin ; they conclude in the moſt extravagant and ſenſeleſs inferences ; ſuch as the unreality of matter ; the reality of ſpace; the ſervility of the will, &c. The reaſon of this ſudden fall out of full light into utter darkneſs appears not to reſult from the natural condition of things, but to be the arbitrary decree of infinite Wiſdom and Goodneſs, which impoſed a barrier to the extravagancies of its giddy lawleſs creature, always inclined to purſue truths of leſs importance too far, to the neglect of thoſe more neceſſary for his improvement in his ſtation here.

Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endleſs Error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides *;
Inſtruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun †;
Go, ſoar with Plato, to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod;
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As Eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun,
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule——
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool ‡.

* Alluding to the noble and uſeful project of our modern Mathematicians, to meaſure a degree at the equator and polar circle, in order to determine the true figure of the earth; of great importance to aſtronomy and navigation.

† This alludes to Sir Iſaac Newton's Grecian Chronology, which he reformed on thoſe two ſublime conceptions, the difference between the reigns of Kings, and the generations of Men; and the poſition of the colures of the equinoxes and ſolſtices at the time of the Argonautic expedition.

‡ Theſe two lines are a concluſion from all that had been ſaid from ver. 18. to this effect: Go now, vain Man, elated with thy acquirements in real ſcience, and imaginary intimacy with God; go, and

* Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a NEWTON as we ſhew an ape.

run into all the extravagancies I have exploded in the firſt Epiſtle, where thou pretendeſt to teach Providence how to govern; then drop into the obſcurities of thy own nature, and thereby manifeſt thy ignorance and folly.

* In theſe lines he ſpeaks to this effect: But to make you fully ſenſible of the difficulty of this ſtudy, I ſhall inſtance in the great Newton himſelf; whom, when ſuperior beings not long ſince, ſaw capable of unfolding the whole law of Nature, they were in doubt whether the owner of ſuch prodigious ſagacity ſhould not be reckoned of their own order; juſt as Men, when they ſee the ſurpriſing marks of Reaſon in an Ape, are almoſt tempted to rank him with their own kind. And yet this wondrous man could go no further in the knowledge of himſelf than the generality of his ſpecies. In which we ſee it was not Mr. Pope's intention to bring any of the Ape's qualities, but its ſagacity, into the compariſon. But why the Ape's, it may be ſaid, rather than the ſagacity of ſome more decent animal, particularly the half-reaſoning Elephant, as the poet calls it; which, as well on account of this its ſuperiority, as for its having no ridiculous ſide, like the Ape, on which it could be viewed, ſeems better to have deſerved this honour? I reply, Becauſe, as none but a ſhape reſembling human, accompanied with great ſagacity, could occaſion the doubt of that animal's relation to Man, the Ape only having that reſemblance, no other animal was fitted for the compariſon. And on this ground of relation the whole beauty of the thought de-

Could he, whoſe rules the rapid Comet bind,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who ſaw its fires here riſe, and there deſcend *,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.

pends; Newton and thoſe ſuperior ſpirits being equally framed for immortality, though of different orders. And here let me take notice of a new ſpecies of the ſublime, of which our poet may be juſtly ſaid to be the maker; ſo new, that we have yet no name for it, though of a nature diſtinct from every other poetical excellence. The two great perfections of works of genius are WIT and SUBLIMITY. Many writers have been witty, ſeveral have been ſublime, and ſome few have even poſſeſſed both theſe qualities ſeparately; but none that I know of, beſides our poet, hath had the art to incorporate them; of which he hath given many examples, both in this Eſſay and his other poems, one of the nobleſt being the paſſage in queſtion. This ſeems to be the laſt effort of the imagination to poetical perfection; and in this compounded excellence the Wit receives a dignity from the Sublime, and the Sublime a ſplendor from the Wit; which, in their ſtate of ſeparate exiſtence, they both wanted.

* Sir Iſaac Newton, in calculating the velocity of a comet's motion, and the courſe it deſcribes, when it becomes viſible in its deſcent to, and aſcent from the Sun, conjectured, with the higheſt appearance of truth, that comets revolve perpetually round the Sun, in ellipſes vaſtly eccentrical, and very nearly approaching to parabolas. In which he was greatly

Trace Science then, with Modeſty thy guide;
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dreſs †,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleneſs ‡,

confirmed, in obſerving, between two comets, a coincidence in their perihelions, and a perfect agreement in their velocities.

† Theſe are the firſt parts of what the poet, in the preceding line, calls the ſcholar's equipage of pride. By Vanity is meant that luxuriancy of thought and expreſſion in which a writer indulges himſelf, to ſhew the fruitfulneſs of his fancy or invention. By Dreſs is to be underſtood a lower degree of that practice, in amplification of thought and ornamental expreſſion, to give force to what the writer would convey: but even this, the poet, in a ſevere ſearch after truth, condemns; and with great judgment; conciſeneſs of thought and ſimplicity of expreſſion being as well the beſt inſtruments, as the beſt vehicles of truth. Shakeſpeare touches upon this latter advantage with great force and humour. The flatterer ſays to Timon in diſtreſs, "I cannot cover the "monſtrous bulk of their ingratitude with any ſize of "words." The other replies, "Let it go naked, "men may ſee't the better."

‡ The Luxury of Learning conſiſts in dreſſing up and diſguiſing old notions in a new way, ſo as to make them more faſhionable and palatable; inſtead of examining and ſcrutinizing their truth. As this is often done for pomp and ſhow, it is called luxury; as it is often done to ſave pains and labour, it is called idleneſs.

Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain *,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain † ;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts ‡
Of all our Vices have created Arts ;
Then ſee how little the remaining ſum,
Which ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the times to come !

II. Two principles in human nature reign ;
Self-love, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain ;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all :
And to their proper operation ſtill,
Aſcribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul ;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end :
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot ;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.

Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires ;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires :
Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh :
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie :

* Such as the mathematical demonſtrations concerning the ſmall quantity of matter ; the endleſs diviſibility of it, &c.

† That is, when Admiration ſets the mind on the rack.

‡ i. e. Thoſe parts of Natural Philoſophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Poetry, &c. that adminiſter to luxury, deceit, ambition, effeminacy, &c.

That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence *.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend,
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight †,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.
Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;

* i. e. By experience Reaſon collects the future; and by argumentation, the conſequence.

† This obſervation on the folly of the ſchoolmen, who conſider reaſon and the paſſions as two oppoſite principles, the one good and the other evil, is ſeaſonable and judicious; for this folly gives great ſupport to the Manichæan or Zoroaſtrian error, the confutation of which was one of our author's chief ends in writing. For if there be two principles in man, a good and bad, it is natural to think him the joint product of the two Manichæan deities (the firſt of which contributed to his Reaſon, the other to his Paſſions) rather than the creature of one Individual Cauſe. This was Plutarch's notion, and, as we may ſee in him, of more ancient Manichæans. It was of importance, therefore, to reprobate and ſubvert a notion that ſerved to the ſupport of ſo dangerous an error.

But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Paſſions we may call:
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not every good we can divide,
And Reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is Exerciſe not Reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but Paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find *,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.

* Theſe words are only a ſimple affirmation in the poetic dreſs of a ſimilitude, to this purpoſe: Good is not only procured by the ſubdual of the paſſions, but by the turbulent exerciſe of them. A truth conveyed under the moſt ſublime imagery that poetry could conceive or paint. For the author is here only ſhewing the providential iſſue of the paſſions, and how, by God's gracious diſpoſition, they are turned away from their natural bias, to promote the happineſs of Mankind. As to the method in which they are to be treated by Man in whom they are found, all that he contends for, in favour of them,

Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe, 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the Mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well-accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.
Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they ceaſe, in proſpect, riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike*;
On diff'rent ſenſes, diff'rent objects ſtrike;

is only this, that they ſhould not be quite rooted up and deſtroyed, as the Stoics, and their followers in all religions, fooliſhly attempted. For the reſt, he conſtantly repeats this advice:

The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend,
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.

† Though all the Paſſions have their turn in ſwaying the determinations of the mind, yet every man hath one MASTER PASSION that at length ſtifles or abſorbs all the reſt. The fact he illuſtrates at large in his epiſtle to Lord Cobham. Here (from ver. 126 to 149.) he giveth us the cauſe of it. Thoſe Pleaſures or Goods which are the objects of the Paſ-

Hence diff'rent paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.

* As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:

ſions, affect the mind by ſtriking on the ſenſes; but, as through the formation of the organs of our frame, every man hath ſome one ſenſe ſtronger and more acute than others, the object which ſtrikes that ſtronger and acuter ſenſe, whatever it be, will be the object moſt deſired; and conſequently, the purſuit of that will be the Ruling Paſſion. That the difference of force in this Ruling Paſſion ſhall, at firſt, perhaps, be very ſmall, or even imperceptible; but Nature, Habit, Imagination, Wit, nay, even Reaſon itſelf, ſhall aſſiſt its growth, till it hath at length drawn and converted every other into itſelf. All which is delivered in a ſtrain of Poetry ſo wonderfully ſublime, as ſuſpends, for a while, the Ruling Paſſion, in every reader, and engroſſes his whole admiration.

This naturally leads the poet to lament the weakneſs and inſufficiency of Human Reaſon; and the purpoſe he had in ſo doing, was plainly to intimate the neceſſity of a more perfect diſpenſation to Mankind.

* "Antipater Sidonius Poeta omnibus annis uno "die natali tantum corripiebatur febre, et eo con-"ſumptus eſt, ſatis longa ſenecta." *Plin. N. H.* l. vii. This Antipater was in the times of Craſſus, and is celebrated for the quickneſs of his parts by Cicero.

So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's diſeaſe, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r *;
As Hear'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſour.
We, wretched ſubjects though to lawful ſway †,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey;
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?

* The poet, in ſome other of his epiſtles; gives examples of the doctrine and precepts here delivered. Thus in that "Of the Uſe of Riches," he has illuſtrated this truth in the character of Cotta:

Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth.
What tho' (the uſe of barbarous ſpits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his grot?
If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
Than bramins, ſaints, and ſages did before.

† St. Paul himſelf did not chuſe to employ other arguments, when diſpoſed to give us the higheſt idea of the uſefulneſs of Chriſtianity. (*Rom.* vii.) But, it may be, the Poet finds a remedy in Natural Religion. Far from it. He here leaves Reaſon unrelieved. What is this then, but an intimation that we ought to ſeek for a cure in that religion which only dares profeſs to give it?

Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong.
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
Yes, Nature's road muſt ever be preferr'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard;
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow *,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe;
A mightier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral Men impels to ſev'ral ends:

* The meaning of this precept is, That as the Ruling Paſſion is implanted by Nature; it is Reaſon's office to regulate, direct, and reſtrain, but not to overthrow it. To regulate the paſſion of Avarice, for inſtance, into a parſimonious diſpenſation of the public revenues; to direct the paſſion of Love, whoſe object is worth and beauty,

To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair,

τὸ καλὸν τ' ἀγαθὸν, as his maſter Plato adviſes; and to reſtrain Spleen to a contempt and hatred of Vice: this is what the poet meant, and what every unprejudiced man could not but ſee he muſt needs mean by RECTIFYING THE MASTER PASSION, though he had not confined us to this ſenſe in the reaſon he gives of his precept in theſe words:

A mightier Power the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral Men impels to ſev'ral ends:

For what ends are they which God impels to, but the ends of Virtue?

Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike find Reaſon on their ſide.
Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill *,
Grafts on this Paſſion our beſt Principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his Nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted learn to bear;
The ſureſt Virtues thus from Paſſions ſhoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;

* The author, throughout theſe epiſtles, has explained his meaning to be, that vice is, in its own nature, the greateſt of evils; and produced by the abuſe of man's free-will:

What makes all phyſical and moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will:

but that God in his infinite goodneſs deviouſly turns the natural bias of its malignity to the advancement of human happineſs: a doctrine very different from the Fable of the Bees, which impiouſly and fooliſhly ſuppoſes it to have that natural tendency.

Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.
Thus Nature gives us, (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the bias turns to good from ill *,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine;
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind †.

* Leſt it ſhould be objected, that this account favours of the doctrine of Neceſſity, and would inſinuate that men are only acted upon, in the production of Good out of Evil; the poet here teacheth, that man is a free-agent, and hath it in his own power to turn the natural paſſions into Virtue or into Vices, properly ſo called:

Reaſon the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.

† A Platonic phraſe for Conſcience; and here employed with great judgment and propriety. For Conſcience either ſignifies, ſpeculatively, the judgment we paſs of things upon whatever principles we chance to have; and then it is only Opinion, a very unable judge and divider. Or elſe it ſignifies, practically, the application of the eternal rule of right (received by us as the law of God) to the regulation of our actions; and then it is properly Conſcience, *the God* (or

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce *,
In Man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As in ſome well-wrought picture light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them coſts the time and pain.
Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the North? At York, 'tis on the Tweed;

the law of God) *within the mind*, of power to divide the light from the darkneſs in this chaos of the paſſions.

* The poet here reaſons to this effect, That though indeed Vice and Virtue ſo invade each other's bounds, that ſometimes we can ſcarce tell where one ends, and the other begins, yet great purpoſes are ſerved thereby, no leſs than the perfecting the conſtitution of the whole; as lights and ſhades, which run into one another in a well-wrought picture, make the harmony and ſpirit of the compoſition. But on this account, to ſay there is neither Vice nor Virtue, the poet ſhews would be juſt as wiſe as to ſay, there is neither black nor white, becauſe the ſhade of that, and the light of this, often run into one another:

Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.

In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he;
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man muſt be *,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
'Till but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal; [Whole.
But Heav'n's great view is One, and that the
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effects of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crowds belief:
That Virtue's ends from Vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;

* Of this the poet, with admirable ſagacity, aſſigns the cauſe, in the following line:

For, Vice or Virtue, SELF directs it ſtill.

An adherence or regard to what is, in the ſenſe of the world, a man's own intereſt, making an extreme in either *Vice* or *Virtue* almoſt impoſſible. Its effect in keeping a good Man from the extreme of Virtue, needs no explanation; and in an ill Man, Self-intereſt ſhewing him the neceſſity of ſome kind of reputation, the procuring and preſerving that, will keep him from the extreme of Vice.

And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend *,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
'Till one Man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally †
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;

* Hitherto the poet hath been employed in diſcourſing of the uſe of the Paſſions with regard to Society at large; and in freeing his doctrine from objections: This is the *firſt* general diviſion of the ubiect of this epiſtle.

He comes now to ſhew the uſe of theſe paſſions, with regard to the more confined circle of our Friends, Relations, and Acquaintance: and this is the *ſecond* general diviſion.

† As theſe lines have been miſunderſtood, I ſhall give the reader their plain and obvious meaning. "To theſe frailties (ſays he) we owe all the endearments of private life; yet when we come to that age, which generally diſpoſes Men to think more ſeriouſly of the true value of things, and conſequently of their proviſion for a future ſtate, the conſideration, that the grounds of thoſe joys, loves, and friendſhips, are wants, frailties, and paſſions, proves the beſt expedient to wean us from the world; a diſengagement ſo friendly to that proviſion we are now making for another." The obſervation is new, and would in any place be extremely beautiful, but has here an infinite grace and propriety, as it ſo well confirms, by an inſtance of great moment, the general theſis, "that "God makes Ill, at every ſtep, productive of Good."

Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe intereſts to reſign;
Taught half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.
Whate'er the paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf*,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.

* The poet having thus ſhewn the uſe of the Paſſions in *Society*, and in *domeſtic life*, he comes, in the laſt place, to ſhew their uſe to the *Individual*, even in their illuſions; the imaginary happineſs they preſent, helping to make the real miſeries of life leſs inſupportable. And this is his *third* general diviſion:

—Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days, &c.
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain.

Which muſt needs vaſtly raiſe our idea of God's goodneſs, who hath not only provided more than a counterbalance of real happineſs to human miſeries, but hath even, in his infinite compaſſion, beſtowed on thoſe, who were ſo fooliſh as not to have made this proviſion, an imaginary happineſs; that they may not be quite overborne with the load of human miſeries. This is the poet's great and noble thought; as ſtrong and ſolid as it is new and ingenious; which teaches, "That theſe illuſions are the follies of Men, which they willfully fall into and through their own fault; thereby depriving themſelves of much happineſs, and expoſing themſelves to equal miſery: But that ſtill God (according to his univerſal way of working) graciouſly turns theſe follies ſo far to the advantage of his miſerable creatures, as to be the preſent ſolace and ſupport of their diſtreſſes."

—Tho' man's a fool, yet God is wiſe.

The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his Muſe *,
See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſion ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age†:

* The author having ſaid, that no one would change his profeſſion or views for thoſe of another, intended to carry his obſervation ſtill further, and ſhew that Men were unwilling to exchange their own acquirements even for thoſe of the ſame kind, confeſſedly larger, and infinitely more eminent, in another. To this end he wrote,

What partly pleaſes, totally will ſhock;
I queſtion much, if Toland would be Locke:

but wanting another proper inſtance of this truth when he publiſhed his laſt edition of the Eſſay, he reſerved the lines above for ſome following one.

† A ſatire on what is called in Popery, the *opus operatum*. As this is a deſcription of the circle of human life returning into itſelf by a ſecond childhood, the poet has, with great elegance, concluded

Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before:
Till tir'd he ſleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days:
Each want of happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride *:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain:
And not a vanity is given in vain:
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

his deſcription with the ſame image with which he ſet out.

* An eminent Caſuiſt, Father Francis Garaſſe, in his *Somme Theologique*, has drawn a very charitable concluſion from this principle. "Selon la juſtice "(ſays this equitable divine) tout travail honnête "doit être recompenſe de louange ou de ſatisfaction. "Quand les bons eſprits font un ouvrage excellent, "ils ſont juſtement recompenſez par les ſuffrages du "Public. Quand un pauvre eſprit travaille beaucoup, "pour faire un mauvais ouvrage, il n'eſt pas juſte, ni "raiſonable, qu'il attende les louanges publiques, car "elles ne lui ſont pas duës. Mais afin que ſes travaux "ne demeurent pas ſans recompenſe, Dieu lui donne "une ſatisfaction perſonelle, que perſonne ne lui "peut envier ſans un injuſtice plus que barbare; tout "ainſi que Dieu, qui eſt juſte, donne de la ſatis-"faction aux Grenouilles de leur chant. Autrement "la blame public, joint à leur mecontentement, "ſeroit ſuffiſant pour les reduire au deſeſpoir."

EPISTLE III. *

HERE then we reſt: "The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various
laws †."

* We are now come to the Third Epiſtle of the Eſſay on Man. It having been ſhewn, in explaining the origin, uſe, and end of the paſſions, in the Second Epiſtle, that Man had ſocial as well as ſelfiſh paſſions, that doctrine naturally introduces the Third, which treats of Man as a SOCIAL animal; and connects it with the Second, which conſidered him as an INDIVIDUAL. And as the concluſion from the ſubject of the Firſt Epiſtle made the introduction to the Second, ſo here again, the concluſion of the Second,

(Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine,)

maketh the introduction to the Third.

† The reaſon of *variety* in thoſe laws, which tend to *one* and the ſame *end*, the good of the Whole generally, is, becauſe the good of the Individual is likewiſe to be provided for; both which together make up the good of the Whole *univerſally*. And this is the cauſe, as the poet ſays elſewhere, that

Each Individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal.

But to prevent our reſting there, God hath made each need the aſſiſtance of another; and ſo

On mutual wants built mutual happineſs.

It was neceſſary to explain the two firſt lines, the better to ſee the pertinency and force of what follow-

In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health *,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth †,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day:
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world, behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.
See plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,

eth, where the poet warns ſuch to take notice of this truth, whoſe circumſtances placing them in an imaginary ſtation of independence, and a real one of inſenſibility to mutual Wants (from whence general Happineſs reſults), make them but too apt to overlook the true ſyſtem of things; viz. Men in full health and opulence. This caution was neceſſary with regard to Society; but ſtill more neceſſary with regard to Religion. Therefore he eſpecially recommends the memory of it both to Clergy and Laity, when they preach or pray; becauſe the preacher, who doth not conſider the Firſt Cauſe under this view, as a Being conſulting the good of the whole, muſt needs give a very unworthy idea of him; and the ſupplicant, who prayeth as one not related to a whole, or as diſregarding the happineſs of it, will not only pray in vain, but offend his Maker by an impious attempt to counterwork his diſpenſation.

* Immoderate labour and ſtudy are the great impairers of health: They, whoſe ſtation ſets them above both, muſt needs have an abundance of health, which, not being employed in the common ſervice, but waſted in luxury, the poet properly calls a Superfluity.

† Becauſe Wealth pretends to be wiſdom, wit, learning, honeſty, and, in ſhort, all the virtues in their turns.

Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace *.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of Matter borne,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign, Parts relate to Whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul †
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt ‡;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: Nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

* To make Matter ſo cohere as to fit it for the uſes intended by its Creator, a proper *configuration* of its inſenſible parts, is as neceſſary as that quality ſo equally and univerſally conferred upon it, called *Attraction*. To expreſs the firſt part of this thought, our Author ſays *form'd*, and to expreſs the latter, *impell'd*.

† Which, in the language of Sir Iſaac Newton, is, "Deus omnipræſens eſt, non per virtutem ſolam, "ſed etiam per ſubſtantiam: nam virtus ſine ſubſtan-"tia ſubſiſtere non poteſt." *Newt. Princ. ſchol. gen. ſub fin.*

‡ As acting more ſtongly and immediately in beaſts, whoſe inſtinct is plainly an external reaſon; which made an old ſchoolman ſay, with great elegance, "Deus eſt anima brutorum."

In this 'tis God directs——

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpreads the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of Heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer;
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.
Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe*!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of Reaſon he muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul;
Be Man the Wit, and Tyrant of the whole†:
Nature that Tyrant checks; ‡ He only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.

* On the contrary the wiſe man hath ſaid, *The Lord hath made all things for himſelf.* Prov. xvi. 4.

† Alluding to the *witty* ſyſtem of that Philoſopher, which made Animals mere Machines, inſenſible of pain or pleaſure; and ſo encouraged Men in the exerciſe of that *Tyranny* over their fellow-creatures, conſequent on ſuch a principle.

‡ I grant, indeed, ſays the poet, that Man affects

Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods.

to be the Wit and Tyrant of the whole, and would fain ſhake off

——that chain of love,
Combining all below and all above:

But Nature, even by the very gift of Reaſon, checks this Tyrant. For Reaſon, endowing Man with the ability of ſetting together the memory of the paſt, with his conjectures about the future; and paſt misfortunes making him apprehenſive of more to come, this diſpoſeth him to pity and relieve others in a ſtate of ſuffering. And the paſſion growing habitual, naturally extendeth its effect to all that have a ſenſe of ſuffering. Now, as brutes have neither Man's Reaſon, nor his inordinate Self-love, to draw them from the Syſtem of Benevolence: So they wanted not, and therefore have not this human ſympathy of another's miſery. By which paſſion, we ſee thoſe qualities, in Man, balance one another; and ſo retain him in that general Order, in which Providence hath placed its whole creation. But this is not all; Man's intereſt, amuſement, vanity, and luxury, tie him ſtill cloſer to the ſyſtem of Benevolence, by obliging him to provide for the ſupport of other animals; and though it be for the moſt part, only to devour them with the greater guſt, yet this does not abate the proper happineſs of the animals ſo preſerved, to whom Providence hath not imparted the uſeleſs knowledge of their end.

For ſome his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, and the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, 'till he ends the being, makes it bleſt:
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, nor feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal ſlain *.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too;
The hour conceal'd and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle! that Heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reaſon, or with Inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt:
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a Volunteer,

* Several of the ancients, and many of the Orientals ſince, eſteemed thoſe who were ſtruck by lightning as ſacred perſons, and the particular favourites of Heaven. P.

Sure never to o'er-ſhoot, but juſt to hit;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human wit;
Sure by quick Nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier Reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as Demoivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bleſs,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happineſs:
So from the firſt, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves a third time in their race.

Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the care:
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands;
Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love;
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and fore-caſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
The ſtate of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and ſocial at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade*;

* The poet ſtill takes his imagery from Platonic ideas for the reaſon given above. Plato had ſaid from old tradition, that, during the golden age, and under the reign of Saturn, the primitive language then in uſe was common to man and beaſts. Moral inſtructors took advantage of the popular ſenſe of this tra-

The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God*:

dition, to convey their precepts under thoſe fables which give ſpeech to the whole brute creation. The naturaliſts underſtood the tradition to ſignify, that, in the firſt Ages, Men uſed inarticulate ſounds, like beaſts, to expreſs their wants and ſenſations; and that it was by ſlow degrees they came to the uſe of ſpeech. This opinion was afterwards held by Lucretius, Diodorus Sic. and Gregory of Nyſſ.

* This may be well explained by a ſublime paſſage of the Pſalmiſt, who, calling to mind the age of innocence, and full of the great ideas of thoſe

—— Chains of Love,
Combining all below, and all above,
Which to one point and to one center bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King;

breaks out into this rapturous and divine apoſtrophe, to call back the devious creation to its pritine rectitude (that very ſtate our author deſcribes above): "Praiſe the Lord, all his angels; praiſe him, all ye "hoſts. Praiſe ye him, ſun and moon; praiſe "him, all ye ſtars of light. Let them praiſe the "name of the Lord, for he commanded, and they "were created. Praiſe the Lord, from the earth, "ye dragons, and all deeps; fire and hail, ſnow and "vapour, ſtormy wind fulfilling his word: Moun"tains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars; "*Beaſts* and all *cattle*, creeping things and flying "fowl; *Kings* of the earth and all people; *Princes* "and all judges of the earth. Let them praiſe the "name of the Lord; for his name alone is excel-

The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt * :
Heav'n's attribute was Univerſal Care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare †.

"lent, his glory is above the earth and heaven." Pſalm cxlviii.

* i. e. The ſtate deſcribed, from ver. 261 to 269. was not yet arrived. For then when ſuperſtition was become ſo extreme as to bribe the Gods with human ſacrifices (ſee ver. 267.) Tyranny became neceſſitated to woo the prieſt for a favourable anſwer :

And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

† The poet ſuppoſes the truth of the Scripture account, that Man was created Lord of this inferior world (Ep. i. v. 230.)

Subjected theſe to thoſe, and all to thee.

What hath miſled ſome to imagine him here fallen into a contradiction, was, I ſuppoſe, ſuch paſſages as theſe :

Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine, &c.

And again,

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good, &c.

But, in truth, this is ſo far from contradicting what is here ſaid of man's prerogative, that it greatly confirms it, and the Scripture account concerning it. And becauſe this matter has been miſtaken, to the diſcredit of the poet's religious ſentiments, by readers, whom the conduct of certain licentious writers, treating this ſubject in an abuſive way, hath rendered jealous and miſtruſtful, I ſhall endeavour to explain it. Scripture ſays, that Man was made Lord of All.

Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer ſavage, Man.
See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy Inſtinct then was Reaſon's part;
Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature ſpake *—
"Go, from the Creatures thy inſtructions take:

But this Lord become intoxicated with Pride, the common effect of ſovereignty, erected himſelf, like more partial monarchs, into a tyrant. And as tyranny conſiſts in ſuppoſing *all* made for the uſe of *one*; he took thoſe freedoms with all, that are conſequent on ſuch a principle. He ſoon began to conſider the whole animal creation as his ſlaves rather than as his ſubjects; as being created for no uſe of their own, but for his only; and therefore treated them with the utmoſt barbarity: and not ſo content, to add inſult to this cruelty, he endeavoured to philoſophize himſelf into an opinion that animals were mere machines, inſenſible of pain or pleaſure. Thus Man affected to be the *Wit* as well as *Tyrant* of the Whole; and it became one who adhered to the Scripture account of Man's dominion, to reprove this abuſe of it, and to ſhew, that

Heav'n's attribute was Univerſal Care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare.

* The poet repreſents the invention of Arts as only leſſons learnt of brute animals, guided by inſtinct, in order to humble human arrogance, and raiſe our idea of infinite Wiſdom. This he does in a Proſopo-

" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield *;
" Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field;
" Thy arts of building from the bee receive †;
" Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail ‡,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
" Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
" And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct mankind:

poeia, the moſt ſublime that ever entered into the human imagination:

Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature ſpake:
" Go, from the Creatures thy inſtructions take, &c.
" And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

* It is a caution commonly practiſed among Navigators, when thrown upon a deſart coaſt, and in want of refreſhments, to obſerve what fruits have been touched by the birds, and to venture on theſe without further heſitation.

† See Pliny's Nat. Hiſt. l. viii. c. 27. where ſeveral inſtances are given of animals diſcovering the medicinal efficacy of herbs, by their own uſe of them, and pointing out to ſome operations in the art of healing by their own practice.

‡ Oppian Halieut. lib. i. deſcribes this fiſh in the following manner: " They ſwim on the ſurface of " the ſea: on the back of their ſhells, which exactly " reſemble the hulk of a ſhip, they raiſe two feet " like maſts, and extend a membrane between, " which ſerves as a ſail; the other two feet they " employ as oars at the ſide. They are uſually ſeen " in the Mediterranean." P.

" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee ;
" There towns aërial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall People's genius, policies,
" The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees :
" How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
" And Anarchy without confuſion know ;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
" In vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle Juſtice in her net of Law,
" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey ;
" And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature ſpoke; obſervant Man obey'd * ;
Cities were built, Societies were made :
Here roſe one little ſtate ; another near [fear.
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend ;
What War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converſe and Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When Love was Liberty and Nature Law †.

* The epithet is beautiful, as ſignifying both obedience to the voice of Nature, and attention to the leſſons of the animal creation.

† i. e. When men had no need to guard their native liberty from their governor by civil pactions ;

Thus States were form'd ‡; the name of King
unknown,
Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms §,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms),

the love which each maſter of a family had for thoſe under his care being their beſt ſecurity.

‡ This is ſaid in confutation of that idle hypotheſis which pretends, that God conferred the regal title on the fathers of families; from whence men, when they had inſtituted Society, were to fetch their Governors. On the contrary, our author ſhews, that a king was unknown, till common intereſt, which led men to inſtitute civil government, led them at the ſame time to inſtitute a Governor. However, that it is true that the ſame wiſdom or valour, which gained regal obedience from ſons to the ſire, procured kings a paternal authority, and made them conſidered as fathers of their people. Which probably was the original (and, while miſtaken, continues to be the chief ſupport) of that ſlaviſh error; antiquity repreſenting its earlieſt monarchs under the idea of a common father, πατὴρ ανδρῶν. Afterwards indeed they became a kind of foſter-fathers, ποιμενα λαων, as Homer calls one of them: till at length they began to devour that flock they had been ſo long accuſtomed to ſhear; and as Plutarch ſays of Cecrops, εη χρηστȣ βασιλέως ἄγριον καὶ δρακοντωδη γενομενον ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΝ.

§ Our author hath good authority for this account of the origin of kingſhip. Ariſtotle aſſures us, that it was Virtue only, or in arts or arms: Καθίσταται βασιλεὺς ἐκ τῶν ἐπιεικῶν καθ' υπεροχὴν ἀρετῆς ἢ πραξεων τῶν ἀπὸ τῆς ἀρετῆς, ἢ καθ' ὑπεροχὴν τοιȣ́τȣ γενȣς.

The ſame which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch ſate,
King, prieſt, and parent of his growing State;
On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food *,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of the abyſs profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd †
One great Firſt Father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain tradition, that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
The Worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple Reaſon never ſought but one:

* i. e. He ſubdued the intractability of all the *four elements*, and made them ſubſervient to the uſe of Man.

† The poet here maketh their more ſerious attention to Religion to have ariſen, not from their gratitude amidſt abundance, but from their helpleſſneſs in diſtreſs; by ſhewing that, during the former ſtate, they reſted in *ſecond* cauſes, the immediate authors of their bleſſing, *whom they rever'd as God*; but that, in the other, they reaſoned up to the *Firſt*:

Then, looking up from ſire to ſire, &c.

This, I am afraid, is but too true a repreſentation of human nature.

Ere Wit oblique had broke that ſteady light ‡,
Man, like his Maker, ſaw that all was right;
To Virtue, in the paths of Pleaſure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A ſov'reign being but a ſov'reign good.
(True faith, true policy, united ran)
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone §,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one* ;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its Cauſe?

‡ A beautiful alluſion to the effects of a priſmatic glaſs on the rays of light.

§ The poet informs us, agreeably to his exact knowledge of Antiquity, that it was the Politician, and not the Prieſt (as our illiterate tribe of Free-thinkers would make us believe), who firſt corrupted Religion. Secondly, That the Superſtition he brought in was not invented by him, as an engine to play upon others (as the dreaming Atheiſt feigns, who would thus miſerably account for the origin of Religion), but was a trap he firſt fell into himſelf.

* In this Ariſtotle placeth the difference between a King and a Tyrant, that the firſt ſuppoſeth himſelf made for the People; the other that the People are made for him: Βέλτιαι δ' ὁ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ εἶναι φύλαξ, ὅπως οἱ μὲν κεκλημένοι τὰς ὠσίας μηδὲν ἄδικον πάσχωσιν ὁ δὲ δῆμος μὴ ὑβρίζηται μηδὲν, ἡ δὲ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΙΣ πρὸς ἡδὺν ἀποβλέπει κοινὸν, εἰ μὴ τῆς ἰδίας ὠφελείας χαριν. Pol. lib. v. cap. 10.

Force firſt made Conqueſt, and that Conqueſt law*;
Till Superſtition taught the tyrant awe.
Then ſhar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She 'midſt the lightning's blaze, and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and burſting ſkies,
Saw Gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt †,
Whoſe attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt;

* All this is agreeable to fact, and ſheweth our author's exact knowledge of human nature. For that *impotency* of mind, as the Latin writers call it, which giveth birth to the enormous crime neceſſary to ſupport a Tyranny, naturally ſubjecteth its owner to all the vain, as well as real, terrors of Conſcience: Hence the whole machinery of Superſtition.

It is true the poet obſerves, that afterwards, when the Tyrant's fright was over, he had cunning enough, from the experience of the effect of Superſtition upon himſelf, to turn it by the aſſiſtance of the prieſt (who for his reward went ſharer with him in the Tyranny) as his beſt defence againſt his ſubjects. For a Tyrant naturally and reaſonably deemeth all his ſlaves to be his enemies.

† The ancient Pagan Gods are here very exactly deſcribed. This fact is a convincing evidence of the truth of that original, which the poet giveth to Superſtition; for if theſe phantaſms were firſt raiſed in the imagination of Tyrants, they muſt needs have

Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And Hell was built on ſpite, and Heav'n on pride ‡.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' etherial vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food;
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood;
With Heav'n's own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, thro' juſt, and thro' unjuſt,
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:
The ſame Self-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurprize, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.

the qualities here aſſigned to them. For Force being the Tyrant's Virtue, and Luxury his Happineſs, the attributes of his God would of courſe be Revenge and Luſt; in a word, the anti-type of himſelf. But there was another, and more ſubſtantial cauſe, of the reſemblance between a Tyrant and a Pagan God; and that was the making *Gods of Conquerors*, as the poet ſays, and ſo canonizing a Tyrant's vices with his perſon.

‡ This might be very well ſaid of thoſe times, when no one was content to go to heaven without being received there on the footing of a God.

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‡ This might be very well ſaid of thoſe times, when no one was content to go to heaven without being received there on the footing of a God.

Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learnt juſtice and benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then, the ſtudious head or gen'rous mind *,
Follower of God or friend of human-kind,
Poet or patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught Power's due uſe to People and to Kings;
Taught not to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
Till jarring int'reſts of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd State.
Such is the World's great harmony, that ſprings†
From Order, Union, full conſent of things:

* The poet ſeemeth here to mean the polite and flouriſhing age of Greece; and thoſe benefactors to mankind, which he had principally in view, were SOCRATES and ARISTOTLE; who, of all the Pagan world, ſpoke beſt of God, and wrote beſt of Government.

† A harmony very different from the *pre-eſtabliſhed harmony* of the celebrated Leibnitz, which fixeth us in a Fatality deſtructive of all Religion and Morality. Yet hath the poet been accuſed of eſpouſing that impious whimſey. The *pre-eſtabliſhed harmony* was built upon, and is an outrageous extenſion of, a conception of Plato, who, combating the atheiſtical objections about the *origin of Evil*, employs this argument in the defence of Providence: "That amongſt an infinite number of poſſible

Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For Forms of Government let fools conteſt †;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:

" worlds in God's idea, this, which he hath created " and brought into being, and which admits of a " mixture of Evil, is the beſt. But if the beſt, then " Evil, conſequently, is partial, comparatively " ſmall, and tendeth to the greater perfection of the " whole." This principle is eſpouſed and ſupported by Mr. Pope with all the power of reaſon and poetry. But neither was Plato a Fataliſt, nor is there any fataliſm in the argument. As to the truth of the notion, that is another queſtion; and how far it cleareth up the very difficult controverſy about the origin of Evil, is ſtill another. That it is a full ſolution of all difficulties, I cannot think, for reaſons too long to be given in this place. Perhaps we ſhall never have a full ſolution in this world; and it may be no great matter though we have not, as we are demonſtrably certain of the moral attributes of the Deity. However, Mr. Pope may be juſtified in receiving and enforcing this Platonic notion, as it hath been adopted by the moſt celebrated and orthodox divines both of the ancient and modern church.

† The reaſonableneſs of this reproof will appear evident enough to thoſe who know, that mad diſputes about Liberty and Prerogative had once well nigh overturned our Conſtitution; and that others

For modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight ‡;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:

about Myſtery and Church-Authority had almoſt deſtroyed the very ſpirit of our Religion.

Theſe fine lines have been ſtrangely miſunderſtood; the author, againſt his own expreſs words, againſt the plain ſenſe of his ſyſtem, has been conceived to mean, that all Governments and all Religions were, as to their forms and objects, indifferent. But as this wrong judgment proceeded from ignorance of the reaſon of the reproof, as explained above, that explanation is alone ſufficient to rectify the miſtake. But the reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee the poet's own apology, as I find it written in the year 1740, in his own hand, in the margin of a book, where he found theſe two celebrated lines miſapplied; "The "author of theſe lines was far from meaning, that "no one form of Government is, in itſelf, better than "another, (as, that mixed or limited Monarchy, "for example, is not preferable to abſolute) but "that no form of Government, however excellent "or preferable in itſelf, can be ſufficient to make a "people happy, unleſs it be adminiſtered with inte-"grity. On the contrary, the beſt ſort of Govern-"ment, when the form of it is preſerved, and the "*adminiſtration* corrupt, is moſt dangerous."

‡ To ſuppoſe the poet to mean, that *all Religions* are indifferent, is an equally wrong as well as uncharitable ſuſpicion. Mr. Pope, though his ſubject, in this Eſſay on Man, confineth him to Natural Religion (his purpoſe being to vindicate God's natural diſpenſations to Mankind againſt the Atheiſt), yet giveth frequent intimations of a more ſublime diſpenſation, and even of the neceſſity of it; particularly in his Second Epiſtle (ver. 149, &c.) where he

In Faith and Hope the world will diſagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:

confeſſeth the weakneſs and inſufficiency of human Reaſon.

And in his Fourth Epiſtle, where ſpeaking of the good Man, the favourite of Heaven, he ſaith,

For him alone *Hope* leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.

But Natural Religion never lengthened Hope on to Faith; nor did any Religion, but the Chriſtian, ever conceive that Faith could fill the mind with Happineſs.

Laſtly, in this very Epiſtle, and in this very place, ſpeaking of the greateſt Reſtorers of the *Religion of Nature*, he intimates that they could only draw God's *ſhadow*, not his *image*:

Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new,
If not God's Image, yet his ſhadow drew:

as reverencing that truth, which telleth us, this diſcovery was reſerved for the *glorious goſpel of Chriſt, who is the image of God.* 2 Cor. iv. 4.

Theſe latter ages have ſeen ſo many ſcandalous contentions for *Modes of Faith*, to the violation of Chriſtian Charity, and diſhonour of ſacred Scripture, that it is not at all ſtrange they ſhould become the object of ſo benevolent and wiſe an author's reſentment.

But that which he here ſeemed to have more particularly in his eye, was the long and miſchievous ſquabble between W——D and JACKSON, on a point confeſſedly above Reaſon, and amongſt thoſe adorable myſteries, which it is the honour of our Re-

All muſt be falſe that thwart this One great End;
And, all of God, that bleſs Mankind or mend.

ligion to find unfathomable. In this by the weight of anſwers and replies, redoubled upon one another without mercy, they made ſo profound a progreſs, that the *One* proved, nothing hindered in Nature, but that the "Son might have been the Father;" and the *Other*, that nothing hindered in Grace, but that the "Son may be a mere creature." But if inſtead of throwing ſo many Greek Fathers at one another's heads, they had but chanced to reflect on the ſenſe of one Greek word ΑΠΕΙΡΙΑ, that it ſignifies both INFINITY and IGNORANCE, this ſingle *equivocation* might have ſaved them ten thouſand, which they expended in carrying on the controverſy. However, thoſe *Miſts that magnified the ſcene*, enlarged the Character of the combatants: and nobody expecting *common* ſenſe on a ſubject where we have no ideas, the defects of dullneſs diſappeared, and its advantages (for advantages it has) were all provided for.

The worſt is, ſuch kind of Writers ſeldom know when to have done. For writing themſelves up into the ſame deluſion with their Readers, they are apt to venture out into the more open paths of Literature, when their reputation, made out of that ſtuff which Lucian calls Σκότου ὀλόχρου, preſently falls from them, and their nakedneſs appears. And thus it fared with our two Worthies. The World, which muſt have always ſomething to amuſe it, was now in good time grown weary of its playthings, and catched at a new object that promiſed them more agreeable entertainment. Tindal, a kind of baſtard Socrates, had brought our ſpeculations from *Heaven* to *Earth*; and, under the pretence of advancing the Antiquity of Chriſtianity, laboured to undermine its

Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives †;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.

original. This was a controverſy that required another management. Clear ſenſe, ſevere reaſoning, a thorough knowledge of prophane and ſacred Antiquity, and an intimate acquaintance with human Nature, were the qualities proper for ſuch as engaged in this Subject. A very unpromiſing adventure for theſe metaphyſical nurſlings, bred up under the ſhade of chimeras. Yet they would needs venture out. What they got by it, was only to be once well laughed at, and then forgotten. But one odd circumſtance deſerves to be remembered; though they wrote not, we may be ſure, in concert, yet each attacked his Adverſary at the ſame time, faſtened upon him in the ſame place, and mumbled him with juſt the ſame toothleſs rage. But the ill ſucceſs of this eſcape ſoon brought them to themſelves. The One made a fruitleſs effort to revive the old game, in a diſcourſe on "The Importance of the Doctrine "of the Trinity;" and the other has been ever ſince, till very lately, rambling in SPACE.

This ſhort hiſtory, as inſignificant as the ſubjects of it are, may not be altogether unuſeful to poſterity. Divines may learn, by theſe examples, to avoid the miſchiefs done to Religion and Literature, through the affectation of being wiſe above what is written, and knowing beyond what can be underſtood.

§ Page 69. "And now abideth faith, hope, and "charity, theſe three; but the greateſt of theſe is charity." 1 *Cor.* xiii. 13.

† Having thus largely conſidered man in his ſocial capacity, the poet, in order to fix a momentous truth in the mind of his reader, concludes the Epiſtle

On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun:
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

in recapitulating the *two Principles* which concur to the ſupport of this part of his character, namely, SELF LOVE and SOCIAL; and ſhewing, that they are only two different motions of the appetite to Good; by which the Author of Nature hath enabled Man to find his own happineſs in the happineſs of the Whole. This he illuſtrates with a thought as ſublime as that general harmony he deſcribes: For he hath the art of converting poetical ornaments into philoſophic reaſoning; and of improving a ſimile into an analogical argument;

On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

EPISTLE IV*.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim,
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name: [ſigh,
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,

* The two foregoing Epiſtles having conſidered Man with regard to the *Means*, (that is, in all his relations, whether as an Individual, or a Member of Society), this laſt comes to conſider him with regard to the *End*, that is, Happineſs.

It opens with an Invocation to Happineſs, in the manner of the ancient poets, who, when deſtitute of a patron-god, applied to the Muſe; and if ſhe was engaged, took up with any ſimple Virtue next at hand, to inſpire and proſper their undertakings. This was the ancient Invocation, which few modern poets have had the art to imitate with any degree either of ſpirit or decorum; but our author hath contrived to make it ſubſervient to the method and reaſoning of his philoſophic compoſition. I will endeavour to explain ſo uncommon a beauty.

It is to be obſerved, that the Pagan deities had each their ſeveral *names* and *places of abode*, with ſome of which they were ſuppoſed to be more delighted than others, and conſequently to be then moſt propitious when invoked by the favourite name and place: Hence we find, the Hymns of Homer, Orpheus, and Callimachus to be chiefly employed in reckoning up the ſeveral names and places of abode by which the patron God was diſtinguiſhed. Our poet hath

Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double†, by the fool, and wiſe :

made theſe two circumſtances ſerve to introduce his ſubject. His purpoſe is to write of Happineſs; method therefore requires that he firſt define what men mean by Happineſs, and this he does in the ornament of a poetic Invocation ; in which the ſeveral names that *Happineſs* goes by, are enumerated.

Oh Happineſs ! our being's end and aim,
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content ! whate'er thy Name.

After the Definition, that which follows next is the Propoſition, which is, " That human Happineſs " conſiſts not in external Advantages, but in Vir- " tue." For the ſubject of this epiſtle is the detecting the *falſe* notions of Happineſs, and ſettling and explaining the *true* ; and this the Poet lays down in the next ſixteen lines. Now the enumeration of the ſeveral *ſituations* in which Happineſs is ſuppoſed to reſide, is a ſummary of falſe Happineſs, placed in Externals :

Plant of celeſtial ſeed ! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow ?
Fair op'ning to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with Diamonds in the flaming mine ?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field ?

The ſix remaining lines deliver the *true* notion of Happineſs to be in Virtue. Which is ſumm'd up in theſe two :

Fix'd to no ſpot is Happineſs ſincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'ry where,

Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with Di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field? [toil,
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free, [thee.
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with
Ask of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease ‡,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;

The Poet having thus defined his terms, and laid down his proposition, proceeds to the support of his Thesis; the various arguments of which make up the body of the Epistle.

† *O'erlook'd* by those who place Happiness in any thing exclusive of Virtue; *seen double* by those who admit any thing else to have a share with Virtue in procuring Happiness; these being the two general mistakes that this Epistle is employed in confuting.

‡ 1. Those who place Happiness, or the *summum bonum*, in Pleasure, Ἡδονὴ, such as the Cyrenaic sect, called, on that account, the Hedonic. 2. Those who place it in a certain tranquillity or calmness of mind, which they call Εὐθυμία, such as the Democratic sect. 3. The Epicurean. 4. The Stoic. 5. The Protagorean, which held that Man was πάντων χρημάτων μέτρον, *the measure of all things*; for that all things which appear to him *are*, and those things

Some ſunk to Beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain §;
Some ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs ev'n Virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?
Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe.
Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call,
Subſiſt, not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing Individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind;

which appear not to any Man *are not*; ſo that every imagination or opinion of every Man was true. 6. The Sceptic; whoſe abſolute Doubt is, with great judgment, ſaid to be the effect of Indolence, as well as the abſolute Truſt of the Protagorean: For the ſame dread of labour attending the ſearch of truth, which makes the Protagorean preſume it to be always at hand, makes the Sceptic conclude it is never to be found. The only difference is, that the lazineſs of the one is deſponding, and the lazineſs of the other ſanguine; yet both can give it a good name, and call it *Happineſs*.

§ Theſe four lines added in the laſt Edition, as neceſſary to complete the ſummary of the falſe purſuits after Happineſs, amongſt the Greek philoſophers.

No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's firſt law*; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual wants this Happineſs increaſe;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all Men Happineſs was meant,
God in externals could not place Content.

Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;

* i. e. The firſt law made by God relates to Order; which is a beautiful alluſion to the Scripture hiſtory of the Creation, when God firſt appeaſed the diſorders of Chaos, and ſeparated the light from the darkneſs.

But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe.
Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of Senſe †,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own ‡.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight, [right?
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means or
Of Vice or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th' advantage proſp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and diſdains:

† This is a beautiful periphraſis for Happineſs; for all we feel of good is by *ſenſation* and *reflexion*.

‡ *Conſcious* Innocence (ſays the Poet) is the only ſource of *internal* Peace; and *known* Innocence, of *external*; therefore Peace is the ſole iſſue of Virtue; or, in his own emphatic words, *Peace* is all *thy own*; a concluſive obſervation in his argument, which ſtands thus: Is Happineſs rightly placed in Externals? No; for it conſiſts in Health, Peace, and Competence. Health and Competence are the product of Temperance, and Peace of perfect Innocence.

And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is to paſs for good.
* Oh blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy Bliſs to Vice, to Virtue Woe!
Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools the good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See god-like † TURENNE proſtrate on the duſt!

* Our Author having thus largely confuted the miſtake of Happineſs's conſiſting in externals, proceeds to expoſe the terrible conſequences of ſuch an opinion on the ſentiments and practice of all ſorts of men, making the Diſſolute impious and atheiſtical; the Religious uncharitable and intolerant; and the Good reſtleſs and diſcontent. For when it is once taken for granted, that Happineſs conſiſts in externals, it is immediately ſeen, that ill men are often more happy than good; which ſets all conditions on objecting to the ways of Providence: and ſome even on raſhly attempting to rectify its diſpenſations, though by the violation of all Law, divine and human.

† This epithet has a peculiar juſtneſs; the great man to whom it is applied, not being diſtinguiſhed, from other generals, for any of his ſuperior qualities, ſo much as for his providential care of thoſe whom he led to war: which was ſo uncommon, that his chief purpoſe, in taking on himſelf the command of armies, ſeems to have been the preſervation of mankind. In this *god-like* care he was more diſtinguiſhably employed throughout the whole courſe of that famous campaign in which he loſt his life.

See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! ſunk thee to the grave.
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marſeilles' good Biſhop purer breath,
When nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me †?
What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial Ill is univerſal Good,
Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall;
Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain,
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we like ſome weak Prince, th' Eternal Cauſe
Prone for his fav'rites to reverſe his laws ‡?

† This laſt inſtance of the poet's illuſtration of the ways of Providence, the reader ſees, has a peculiar elegance; where a tribute of piety to a parent s paid in a return of thanks to, and made ſubſervient of his vindication of, the Great Giver and Father of all things. The Mother of the Author, a perſon of great piety and charity, died the year this poem was finiſhed, viz. 1733.

‡ Agreeable hereunto, holy Scripture, in its account of things under the common Providence of Heaven, never repreſents miracles as wrought for the ſake of him who is the object of them, but in order

Shall burning Ætna, if a ſage requires §,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
Oh blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?
But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A kingdom of the Juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe Juſt agree.
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own Spirit fell;
Another deems him inſtrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar—but for Titus too: (ſay,
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country,
Or he whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day? (fed."
"But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves, while Vice is
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?

to give credit to ſome of God's extraordinary diſpenſations to Mankind.

§ Alluding to the fate of thoſe two great Naturaliſts, Empedocles and Pliny, who both periſhed by too near an approach to Ætna and Veſuvius, while they were exploring the cauſe of their eruptions.

That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—ſhall the good want Health, the good want
Pow'r?"
Add Health, and Power, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no
"king?
"Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
"Why is not Man a God, and Earth a
"Heav'n?"
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand:
Say, at what part of Nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix,
Then give Humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a Conqu'ror's ſword, or Truth a gown,
Or public Spirit its great cure, a Crown. [there,
Weak, fooliſh Man! will Heav'n reward us
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian *, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:

* Alluding to the example of the Indian, in Epiſt. i. ver. 99. which ſhews that that example was not given to diſcredit any rational hopes of future happineſs, but only to reprove the folly of ſeparating them from charity: as when

As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind:
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing.
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The Virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute or Truſt,
Content, or Pleaſure, but the Good and Juſt?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and Love were never to be ſold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind, [clear,
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.
Honour and ſhame from no condition riſe *;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd,

—Zeal, not charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.

* What power then has Fortune over the Man? None at all. For as her favours can confer neither worth nor wiſdom; ſo neither can her diſpleaſure cure him of any of his follies. On his Garb indeed ſhe hath ſome little influence; but his Heart ſtill remains the ſame.

Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One *flaunts* in rags, one *flutters* in brocade.

But this *difference* extends no further than to the habit: the pride of heart is the ſame, both in the *flaunter* and the *flutterer*, as it is the poet's intention to inſinuate by the uſe of thoſe terms.

"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend; a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunello.
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the Flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.
Look next on Greatneſs; ſay where Greatneſs lies.
"Where, but among the Heroes and the Wiſe!"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the Politic and Wiſe:
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes:
Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a Villain Great:

Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.
What's Fame? A fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, even before our death.
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they ſhone or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
An honeſt Man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert; [heart:
Plays round the head, but comes not to the
One ſelf-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a Senate at his heels.
In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for You can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in buſ'neſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge:

Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful Preheminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too*.

Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount:
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe:
Think, and if ſtill theſe things thy envy call,
Say, wouldſt thou be the man to whom they fall!
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.

* The moſt plauſible rival of Virtue is knowledge gained by *ſuperior parts*: yet even this is ſo far from giving any degree of real Happineſs, that it deprives man of thoſe common comforts of life, which are a kind of ſupport to us under the want of Happineſs. Such as the more innocent of thoſe deluſions which he ſpeaks of in the Second Epiſtle:

Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days, &c.

Now Knowledge deſtroyeth all thoſe comforts by ſetting man above Life's weakneſſes: So that he who has diſcarded Virtue, and thinks to attain Happineſs by Knowledge alone, reverſes the fable; and, in a prepoſterous attempt to gain the ſubſtance, loſeth even the ſhadow. This I take to be the ſenſe of this fine ſtroke of ſatire; and the truth conveyed under it the author had ſeen exemplified.

If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd *,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,
See Cromwell †, damn'd to everlaſting fame!

* Theſe two inſtances are choſen with great judgment: the world, perhaps, doth not afford two ſuch other. Bacon diſcovered and laid down thoſe principles, by whoſe aſſiſtance Newton was enabled to unfold the whole law of Nature. He was no leſs eminent for the creative power of his imagination, the brightneſs of his conceptions, and the force of his expreſſion: Yet being legally convicted of bribery and corruption in the adminiſtration of juſtice, while he preſided in the ſupreme Court of Equity, he endeavoured to repair his ruined fortunes by the moſt profligate flattery to the Court: Which, from his very firſt entrance into it, he had accuſtomed himſelf to practiſe, with a proſtitution that diſgraceth the very profeſſion of letters.

† Cromwell ſeemeth to be diſtinguiſhed in the moſt eminent manner, with regard to his abilities, from all other great and wicked men, who have overturned the Liberties of their Country. The times in which others have ſucceeded in this attempt, were ſuch as ſaw the ſpirit of Liberty ſuppreſſed and ſtifled by a general luxury and venality: But Cromwell ſubdued his country, when this ſpirit was at its height, by a ſucceſs full ſtruggle againſt Court-oppreſſion; and while it was conducted and ſupported by a ſet of the greateſt Geniuſes for Government the world ever ſaw embarked together in one common cauſe. And even this fantaſtic Glory ſometimes ſuffers a terrible reverſe.—*Sacheverell*, in his *Voyage to Icolumkill*, deſcribing the church there, tells us that "In one corner is a pe-"culiar Incloſure, in which were the monuments of

If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of happineſs complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy thoſe to ruin, theſe betray!
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe.
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero ſunk the Man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill-exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctified from ſhame;
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife;
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!
Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is Happineſs below."

"the kings of many different nations, as Scotland, "Ireland, Norway, and the *Iſle of Man*. THIS "(ſaid the perſon who ſhewed me the place, point- "ing to a plain ſtone) was the monument of the "Great TEAGUE, king of Ireland. I had never "heard of him, and could not but reflect of how "little value is *Greatneſs*, that has barely left a *name* "ſcandalous to a nation, and a grave which the mean- "eſt of Mankind would never envy."

* The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.
See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know;
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs; the good, untaught, will find †;

* Hitherto the poet had proved NEGATIVELY, that Happineſs conſiſts in Virtue, by ſhewing it conſiſted not in any other thing. He now proves the ſame POSITIVELY, by an enumeration of its Qualities, all naturally adapted to give and to increaſe human Happineſs; as its Conſtancy, Capacity, Vigour, Efficacy, Activity, Moderation and Self-Sufficiency.

† The poet here obſerveth, with ſome indignation, that as obvious and as evident as the truth was, yet *Riches* and *falſe Philoſophy* had ſo blinded the diſcernment even of improved minds, that the poſſeſſors of the firſt placed Happineſs in *Externals*, unſuitable to Man's *Nature*; and the followers of the latter, in

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God;
Pursues that Chain, which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no Being any bliss can know,
But touches some above and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising Whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal*,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;

refined Visions, unsuitable to his *Situation*; while the simple-minded man, with NATURE only for his guide, found plainly in what it should be placed.

* But this is not all; when the simple-minded man, on his first setting out in the pursuit of Truth, in order to Happiness, hath had the wisdom

To look thro' Nature up to Nature's God;

(instead of adhering to any sect or party where there was so great odds of his chusing wrong) that then the benefit of gaining the knowledge of God's will, *written in the mind*, is not confined there; for standing on this sure foundation, he is now no longer in danger of chusing wrong, amidst such diversities of Religions; but by pursuing this grand scheme of UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE in practice as well as theory, he arrives at length to the knowledge of the REVEALED will of God, which is the consummation of the system of benevolence:

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul,

Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)

Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.

PLATO, in his Firſt Book of a Republic, hath a remarkable paſſage to this purpoſe: "He whoſe conſcience does not reproach him, has chearful *Hope* "for his companion, and the ſupport and comfort of "his old age, according to Pindar: For this great "Poet, O Socrates, very elegantly ſays, That he "who leads a juſt and holy life, has always amiable "*Hope* for his companion, which fills his heart with "joy, and is the ſupport and comfort of his old age. "*Hope*, the moſt powerful of the Divinities, in go-"verning the ever-changing and inconſtant temper "of mortal men. Τῷ δὲ μηδὲν ἑαυτῷ ἀδίκον ξυνειδότι ἡδεῖα ἐλπὶς ἀεὶ παρεστι, καὶ ἀγαθὴ γηροτροφος, ὡς καὶ Πίνδαρος λέγει. Χαριέντως γαρ τοι, ὦ Σωκρατες, τῦτ' ἐκεῖνος εἶπεν, ὅτι ὃς ἂν δικαίως καὶ ὁσίως τὸν βίον διαγάγη, γλυκεῖά οἱ καρδιαν ἀτάλλουσα γηροτρόφος συναρρεῖ ἐλπὶς, ἃ μαλιστα θνητῶν πολύτροφον γνώμαν κυβερνᾷ. In the ſame manner Euripides in his *Hercules furens*,

Οὗτος δ' ἀνὴρ ἄριστος, ὅστις ἐλπίσιν
Πέποιθεν αἰεὶ· τὸ δ' ἀπορεῖν, ἀνδρὸς κακοῦ.
ver. 105.

"He is the good man in whoſe *breaſt Hope ſprings* "*eternally*: But to be *without hope in the world is* "the portion of the wicked."

Wiſe is her preſent: ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
* Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.

* The poet here marks out the Progreſs of his good man's Benevolence, puſhed through natural religion to revealed, till it arrives to that height which the ſacred writers deſcribe as the very ſummit of Chriſtian perfection; and ſhews how the progreſs of *human* differs from the progreſs of *divine* benevolence. That the divine deſcends from *whole* to *parts*; but that the human muſt riſe from *individual* to *univerſal*. His argument for this extended benevolence is, that, as God has made a Whole, whoſe parts have a perfect relation to, and an entire dependency on, each other, Man, by extending his benevolence throughout that Whole, acts in conformity to the will of his Creator; and therefore this enlargement of his affection becomes a duty. But the poet hath not only ſhewn his piety in this obſervation, but the utmoſt art and addreſs likewiſe in the diſpoſition of it. The *Eſſay on Man* opens with expoſing the murmurs and impious concluſions of fooliſh men againſt the preſent conſtitution of things; as it proceeds, it occaſionally detects all thoſe falſe principles and opinions which led them to conclude thus perverſely. Having now done all that was neceſſary in Speculation, the author turns to Practice; and ends his Eſſay with the recommendation of an acknowledged virtue, Charity; which, if exerciſed in the *Extent* that conformity to the will of God requireth, would effectually prevent all complaints againſt the preſent order of things; ſuch com-

Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliſs but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.

plaints being made with a total diſregard to every thing but their *own private ſyſtem*, and ſeeking remedy in the diſorder, and at the expence of all the reſt. This obſervation,

Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,

is important; Rochefoucault, Eſprit, and their wordy diſciple Mandeville, had obſerved that Self-love was the Origin of all thoſe virtues Mankind moſt admire; and therefore fooliſhly ſuppoſed it was the End likewiſe; and ſo taught that the higheſt pretences to diſintereſtedneſs were only the more artful diſguiſes of Self-love. But our author, who ſays ſomewhere or other,

Of human Nature Wit its worſt may write,
We all revere it in our own deſpite. MS.

ſaw, as well as they and every body elſe, that the Paſſions began in Self-love; yet he underſtood human Nature better than to imagine they terminated there. He knew that Reaſon and Religion could convert Selfiſhneſs into its very oppoſite; and therefore teacheth, that

Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake:

And thus hath vindicated the dignity of human Nature, and the philoſophic truth of the Chriſtian doctrine.

Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtraight ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.
* Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along,
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,

* This noble apoſtrophe, by which the poet concludes the Eſſay in an addreſs to his friend, will furniſh a Critic with examples of every one of thoſe *five* Species of Elocution, from which, as from its Source, Longinus deduceth the SUBLIME [a].

1. The firſt and chief is *a Grandeur and Sublimity of Conception.*

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends.

[a] ——πέντε πηγαί τινές εἰσιν τῆς ὑψηγορίας. 1. Πρῶτον μὲν καὶ κράτιστον τὸ περὶ τὰς νοήσεις ἀποδεπτικὸν. 2. Δεύτερον δὲ τὸ σφοδρὸν καὶ ἐνθουσιαστικὸν πάθος. 3. Ποιὰ τῶν σχημάτων πλάσις. 4. Ἡ γενναῖα φράσις. 5. Πέμπτη δὲ μεγέθους αἰτία, καὶ συγκλείουσα τὰ πρὸ ἑαυτῆς ἅπαντα, ἡ ἐν ἀξιώματι καὶ διάρσει σύνθεσις.

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;

2. The *ſecond*, that *pathetic Enthuſiaſm*, which, at the ſame time, melts and inflames.

Teach me like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.

3. A certain elegant Formation and Ordonance of Figures:

Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy Name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale;

4. A ſplendid Diction:

When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend,
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light.

5. And, *fifthly*, which includes in itſelf all the reſt, a Weight and Dignity in the Compoſition:

Shew'd erring Pride, whatever *is*, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great AIM;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the SAME;
That VIRTUE only makes our BLISS below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
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From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up nature's light;
* Shew'd erring pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the ſame;
That VIRTUE only makes our Bliſs below;
And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

* The poet's addreſs to his Friend, which concludeth this Epiſtle ſo nobly, and endeth with a recapitulation of the general argument, affords me the following obſervation, with which I ſhall conclude theſe remarks. There is one great beauty that ſhines through the whole *Eſſay*: the poet, whether he ſpeaks of Man as an Individual, a Member of Society, or the ſubject of Happineſs, never miſſeth an opportunity, while he is explaining his ſtate under any of theſe capacities, to illuſtrate it in the moſt artful manner by the inforcement of his grand Principle: THAT EVERY THING TENDETH TO THE GOOD OF THE WHOLE; from whence his ſyſtem receives the reciprocal advantage of having that grand Theorem realized by facts, and his facts juſtified on a principle of Right or Nature.

THE

UNIVERSAL PRAYER*.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my Senſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myſelf am blind;

* It may be proper to obſerve, that ſome paſſages, in the preceding *Eſſay*, having been unjuſtly ſuſpected of a tendency towards Fate and *Naturaliſm*, the author compoſed this Prayer, as the ſum of all, to ſhew that this ſyſtem was founded in *free-will*, and terminated in piety: That the Firſt Cauſe was as well the Lord and Governor of the Univerſe, as the Creator of it; and that, by ſubmiſſion to his will (the great principle inforced throughout the *Eſſay*) was not meant the ſuffering ourſelves to be carried along by a blind determination; but the reſting in a religious acquieſcence, and confidence full of *Hope* and Immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet choſe for his model the LORD's Prayer, which, of all others, beſt deſerves the title prefixed to his paraphraſe.

Yet gave me in this dark Eſtate,
To ſee the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left free the human Will.

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That more than heav'n purſue.

What Bleſſings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away:
For God is paid when Man receives:
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span,
Thy Goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

* If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

* *If I am right, thy grace impart——*
If I am wrong, Oh teach my heart.

As the *imparting grace*, on the Chriſtian ſyſtem, is a ſtronger exertion of the divine power, than the natural illumination of the heart, one would expect that *right* and *wrong* ſhould change places; more aid being required to reſtore men to the *right*, than to keep them in it. But as it was the poet's purpoſe to

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent
At aught thy Wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I ſee;
That Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath:
Oh lead me wherefoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All elſe beneath the Sun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To Thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raiſe;
All Nature's Incenſe riſe!

inſinuate, that Revelation was the *right*, nothing could better expreſs his purpoſe, than the making the *right* ſecured by the guards of *grace*.

THE

DYING CHRISTIAN

TO HIS SOUL.

ODE*.

VITAL ſpark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

* This Ode was written in imitation of the famous ſonnet of Hadrian to his departing ſoul; but as much ſuperior to his original, in ſenſe and ſublimity, as the *Chriſtian* Religion is to the *Pagan*.

THE END.